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REVIEWS AND BOOK NOTICES.

Ovid and the Renaissance in Spain. By RUDOLPH SCHEVILL.
University of California Press, Berkeley, 1913. \$2.50.
(University of California Publications in Modern Philology, iv. 1, pp. 1-268, November 19, 1914.)

In my recent review of Magnus' monumental edition of the *Metamorphoses* I said that when at the Renaissance we moderns at last grew weary of our own device in the way of the *Chanson de Geste*, the *Roman d'Aventures*, the *Fabliau*, and their kind, we went back to the greatest story-teller of the Roman world, we sat at his feet, and learned from him as best we could what it is that makes a story immortal and always young. And his influence in this role was vital and far-reaching. It is safe to say that no other classical author, perhaps no other author of any race or period, has had so much to do with the development of the various types of narrative literature in the Modern World. One chapter of this story has just been written by Dr. Schevill. It is to be hoped that the remaining chapters, those concerned with Italy, France, England, and the other European nations, will soon follow, and that their authors will possess Dr. Schevill's enthusiasm and thorough grasp of the subject.

The book consists of four chapters: I, Ovid and the Middle Ages; II, Ovid and the beginnings of Renaissance Fiction; III, The *Metamorphoses* retold in Spanish; IV, The General indebtedness to Ovid of the *Siglo de Oro*. There are also (pp. 234-265) four Appendices—containing respectively a Bibliography, a Mediaeval Spanish version of Ovid, *Heroides*, 7 (*Dido to Aeneas*), the Life of Ovid added by Fernán Núñez to his Commentary on Juan de Mena's *el Laberinto de Fortuna*, and Bustamante's version of the Tale of *Pyramus and Thisbe*.

As the author himself says in substance there are two phases of the influence of Ovid which are especially notable. One led directly to greater subtlety in the delineation of character. 'It inspired principles of fiction, a philosophy and precepts in the art of love, methods of intrigue, specific sentiments applicable to peculiar situations of lovers, together with an analysis of man's attitude toward womankind, aphorisms suitable to the occasion—indeed, various pagan features of the novel of the Renaissance'. Here the main sources are the

Ars Amatoria, the Remedia Amoris, and the Amores. The other phase consists in copying or imitating the romantic and novelistic features of his works. This leads us more directly to the Heroides and the Metamorphoses.

I may remark that this development in the sphere of modern imitation is a close analogy to Ovid's own development. In Ovid's own case, the Amores and especially the Ars Amatoria and the Remedia Amoris present the principles, the Metamorphoses and the Heroides illustrate their application for purposes of narrative. And considering the purpose they had in view, our forefathers of the Renaissance could not have chosen a model more artistic and more inspiring. There is no author in all antiquity who has such a faculty and such a fondness for minute psychological analysis, and it was in this respect above all that the Mediaeval narrator was so woefully lacking. The method is one which naturally makes its appearance only in periods of great intellectual and aesthetic refinement, and for this reason, perhaps, the ancient author most akin to Ovid in this respect is Apollonius of Rhodes, the leading poet of the Alexandrian Age now surviving.

But Ovid's characteristic method of telling a story was a matter of special training as well as of decided taste and surpassing genius. His first work was the Amores, and all that he did afterwards springs from it like so many branches from the main trunk of some shapely tree. How and why this was the case is explained if we bear in mind that he was first, last, and always a rhetorician, further, that he had certain strongly marked tastes in the domain of rhetoric itself. It will be remembered that the Elder Seneca, who knew him personally in the Rhetorical Schools of the Augustan Age, says that Ovid hated argument, and therefore that he never declaimed *controversiae* in the school, unless they were *ethicae*, i. e., questions of conduct. It is added, however, that he was especially fond of *suasoriae*. Now, as every classical scholar knows, some of the most famous pieces in the Amores are really *suasoriae*, the Heroides are nothing more nor less than so many *suasoriae* in epistolary form, the Ars Amatoria is one long lesson in the art of suasion. I may add that many of the finest and most characteristic passages in the Metamorphoses are *suasorial*, and that all those passages painting the conflict of warring impulses in the human breast—and here Ovid is excelled by none—are really so many adaptations of the *controversia ethica*. I need not mention the Tristia and the Epistulae ex Ponto. They are all *suasoriae*.

As might be expected, a large part of Dr. Schevill's study is concerned with the *novela sentimental* or romance of intrigue. This type, now so familiar to us all, is one which, as he believes—and I quite agree with him—we learned how to

write from Ovid. He, therefore, calls it 'The Ovidian Tale of the Renaissance'. The title is peculiarly apt in view of the statement so frequently made that one of the most impressive things about Ovid is his modernity. In view of the actual facts as brought out by Dr. Schevill's own investigation, it would perhaps be better to say that the most impressive thing about modern literary art is its Ovidianity. It is not that Ovid is so much like us, but that we are so much like Ovid. Nor is the influence of the great story-teller alone a matter of construction or of psychological development in the more restricted sense. It is quite as evident in what might be called the accessories. Each story, for example, in that Arabian Nights of the Roman World, the *Metamorphoses*, is set with the appropriate surroundings of natural scenery—woods and mountains, valleys and streams, sea and shore—somewhat conventionalized perhaps, and not especially prominent as compared with the practice of some of our modern poets who have yet to learn the proper function of a background, but never inharmonious and always charming. It is this scenery that lives again in the pages of Ariosto and in the paintings of the Renaissance. Indeed, an interesting monograph might well be devoted to the influence of Ovid, direct and remote, upon modern art. The *Metamorphoses* might be profusely illustrated by paintings still to be found in the great galleries of Europe. Many were directly suggested by incidents in the poem, many more would be entirely appropriate. I might also observe that more subtle but none the less real and significant is what might be called the author's attitude toward his own story. In this respect, one of the most characteristic features, for example, of Ariosto's genius is a certain delightful touch of kindly irony and of whimsical fancy. The attitude naturally belongs to an age of cultivation, the note is still distinctly heard, for instance, in certain authors of the Alexandrian Age. But one of the most notable examples, perhaps the most notable example of it in all literature, is Ovid himself. And when we consider his supreme importance in the formative period of modern prose and poetry, it may be that here, too, his personal influence is a factor to be reckoned with.

Passing now to some matters of detail, I observe that the author notes on p. 5 of his book that 'The popular translation of *Ars Amatoria* has generally been "the art of love" (*el arte de amar*), though the phrase in reality means "a grammar of love", being a book of principles and precepts'. Unless I mistake the point of his statement it appears to me that there is no foundation for his criticism of this use of *ars*, 'art', in either Latin or English. *Ars* as Ovid uses it here goes back to the old translation of τέχνη, and ever afterwards remained in common use (τέχνη ῥητορική, *ars rhetorica*, τέχνη γραμματική,

ars grammatica, etc., then finally omitting τέχνη as no longer necessary, we have ἡ ῥητορικὴ, rhetorica, rhetoric, ἡ γραμματικὴ, grammatica, grammar, etc.). The same use of 'art' in English (the 'art of war', the 'art of horsemanship', the 'art of navigation', etc.) is old and perfectly well attested. In all three cases (τέχνη, ars, 'art') the word has nothing to do, *per se*, with a book. It simply means the set of rules, the system or regular method of making or doing the thing connoted by the adjective.

I observe a fairly abundant crop of typographical errors. But far be it from me to pull out the mote that is in my brother's eye. He has probably found them all by this time, and if so, I sympathize with his feelings.

One slight error of interpretation, however, I did notice which I take the liberty of pointing out. While discussing the Alba (p. 95), Dr. Schevill says that 'with the approach of day the lovers are naturally loath to separate, and blame the rising dawn for intruding upon them. Ovid puts it crudely: "no man cares to rise early except he who has no mistress"' (cp. p. 25, 'the poet remarks that early rising is borne cheerfully only by him who has no love').

The passage in question—Ovid is commenting on the hard lot of the spinning girls who have to rise at such an unearthly hour—is Amores, I, 13, 23–26:

Tu, cum feminei possint cessare labores,
Lanificam revocas ad sua pensa manum.
Omnia (not 'omni') perpeterer; sed surgere mane puellas,
Quis, nisi cui non est ulla puella, ferat?

(That girls cease toiling sometimes, 'twere surely fair to ask.
But no, you rouse the spinners each to her daily task.
All else I might put up with; but who was ever known
To make the girls rise early, who had one of his own?)

which is quite a different matter, besides being characteristically Ovidian, and anything but crude.

Of course, the modern commonplaces which the author attributes to the influence of Ovid were many of them ancient commonplaces as well, and there are some of them which even the writers with whom Dr. Schevill is concerned might have learned from other ancient sources. The idea, for instance, that love is a disease (pp. 26 and 58) is an old commonplace of ancient erotic literature which could have been derived from Tibullus (2, 5, 109–110, cp. 2, 4, 13–14; 4, 6, 17–18), or Horace (Odes, i, 27, 11), or Seneca (Epist. 39, 6), as well as from Ovid. The same may be said of the saga or witch (Tibullus 1, 2, 42 ff. etc.), a familiar figure in the literature and in the everyday life of antiquity. The catalogue of her conventional feats is found in all departments of Roman

poetry, and it may be added that all these allusions are regularly cited as authority by the writers on magic, Remigius, Bodinus, de l'Ancre, le Loyer, Delrio, and others of their kind, from the fifteenth to the eighteenth century. So, too, the futility of magic, or as it is more usually stated, the comparative merits of beauty and magic in a love-affair, is—as I myself have shown in this Journal (A. J. P. XXXIV 62-73)—a question that appears as early as the *Andromache* of Euripides, and that afterwards turns up again and again in practically every department of ancient literature.

These and similar ideas, however, are especially prominent in Ovid, and besides, Ovid himself was especially prominent during the Renaissance. It may be, therefore, that, as Dr. Schevill concludes, it was he after all who in most cases was the real source. This point is well illustrated by the question of the relation of the *Albas* to *Amores*, I, 13, which has already been referred to above. So far as Ovid himself is concerned, this poem (his *Address to the Dawn*) is nothing more nor less than a rhetorical expansion of material already dealt with in epigrams of the Hellenistic period. A few of these epigrams still survive in the *Anthologia Palatina*. And, in fact, the real *Alba*, even in antiquity itself, was certainly nothing new. Athenaeus, 15. 697 B, actually quotes a Locrian *Alba*. Doubtless, it is neither old nor, strictly speaking, popular. But, at all events, it is older than the *Troubadours* by a thousand years, and the mere existence of it is enough in itself to suggest that even in ancient Greece there were popular prototypes of those epigrams of the second and third centuries B. C. which Ovid had before him. In the Locrian song both metre and language indicate that the speaker—a woman, or, rather, the woman—is nearly inarticulate from fright and excitement:

ὦ τί πάσχεις; μὴ προδῶς ἄμμ', ἰκετεύω.
πρὶν καὶ μολεῖν κείνον, ἀνίστω, μὴ κακὸν
μέγα ποιήσῃ σε καὶ μὲ τὴν δειλάκραν.
ἀμέρα καὶ δῆ, τὸ φῶς διὰ τᾶς θυρίδος οὐκ εἰσορῆς;

Oh gods, what do you! rise with speed!
Before he comes, or ever you betray
Yourself and me! indeed, indeed,
I am so frightened! go, oh go, I pray!
Look at the window! see, 'tis light, 'tis day!

Now, by way of comparison, let me subjoin a characteristic representative of the *Troubadour Alba*:

Quan lo rossinhols escria
Ab sa par la nued e'l dia
Yeu suy ab ma bell' amia

Ios la flor,
Tro la gaita de la tor
Escria: 'drutz, al levar!
Qu'ieu vey l'alba e'l iorn clar'.

Whilst the nightingale is crying
To his mate, and night is flying,
Then my love and I are lying
In her bower,
Till the watch cries from his tower:
'Up, thou lover, and away!
Lo, the Dawn, 'twill soon be day'!

It is a far cry from this genuinely Ovidian piece to the essentially modern tragedy of the Locrian song just quoted. In the case, then, of the Troubadour Albas, as so often elsewhere, we may well suspect that, whatever else was available, the initial suggestion, the supreme influence, was Ovid. And how much of the written word that brings joy to our lives he has inspired!

Dr. Schevill says at the close of his discussion (p. 233) that 'a more genuine psychology of our human relations and of the motives of our actions guided poets and novelists (after the middle of the seventeenth century); love and its manifestations became, in a sense, more reasonable because they were truer to real life, and more original in so far as the art of writing broke with practically every inherited classical tradition. In the change Ovid and his prestige were bound to vanish forever'.

I confess that, taking modern fiction as a whole, I am not as complacent as Dr. Schevill appears to be. So far, however, as his last sentence is concerned, I fear he is right. And when I consider the form and the content of most of the novels, and tales, and narrative poems that are dealt out to us from day to day, I could wish that, like our forefathers of the Renaissance, we only had wisdom enough to go back to the author of the *Metamorphoses*, the *Amores*, the *Heroides*, the *Ars Amatoria*, to sit at his feet, and again to learn from him as best we may what it is that makes a story immortal and always young.

KIRBY FLOWER SMITH.

The Classical Papers of MORTIMER LAMSON EARLE. Columbia University Press, New York, 1912.

Perhaps the two younger classical scholars of the last twenty years whose careers seemed fullest of promise and who were most talked of by other scholars were H. W. Hayley of Harvard, and Mortimer Lamson Earle of Columbia.